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CHANDAMAMA

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WHAT IS FEAR?

A certain man called Manivanna had a son named Madhav. The lad was courageous and did not know the meaning of fear.

The father a little troubled at the fearless attitude of his son sent him to Sadgope, a short tempered teacher of the village. The teacher tried to teach the boy all about fear, but the lad remained fearless and undaunted. One day Sadgope said, "Look here lad, you say you have never known fear! Well, to-night, I'll show you what it is to fear."

Madhav waited for the night to come, then he would know the meaning of fear. When the clock struck the hour of midnight, a dark form stole near

him and roared menacingly. A little surprised, Madhav asked who that might be. The dark form replied, "I am a ghost, and I am going to swallow you now."

Madhav laughed and said, "Oh! so you are a ghost. Good, I must catch you and take you to my teacher. He'll know what to do with you."

Suiting words to action, Madhav seized the dark form and found to his surprise, a blanket in his hands. On the ground lay Sadgope who had been thrown down when Madhav seized him.

Madhav said, "Oh! It's my teacher. What ails you sir?"

Sadgope got up painfully and replied, "I give up. No one

can teach you about fear."

Then he hobbled away painfully.

When Manivanna heard this, he called his son, gave him some money and said, "Go son, travel round the world. Then you'll come to know all about fear."

So Madhav departed for foreign lands. One day as he was passing through a dense forest, he noticed some hunters chasing a fierce tiger into the bushes. He asked them what they did and they replied that they were chasing the tiger away because everyone was frightened of it.

Surprised Madhav wanted to know what fear was. So one hunter said, "Well, son, you want to know what fear is! You see that cave yonder. Go inside and you'll know what fear is."

Madhav walked into the cave boldly and found two tiger cubs lying there. He dragged them out by their tails. When the hunters saw that they exclaimed, "Good God! What courage and fearlessness!"

Madhav asked them, "Do you call these fear?"

They replied, "That's right.



We are afraid of these. Go and present them to the king of this land."

Then Madhav presented the cubs to the king who praised him for his courage and gave him many gifts. The courtiers began to talk about this fearless youth who could look the tiger in the face and live.

A wrestler at the court heard about Madhav's exploits and found out that he was searching for fear. Jealous of Madhav's rising fame, he came to him and said, "Well, lad, they say you are looking for fear. Come with me and I'll show what fear is."

So Madhav accompanied the wrestler who was planning to use the lad to get the better of a rival champion who had bested all challengers. When they came near the home of the champion, they saw him sitting on a stool and talking to his daughter. Then the court wrestler said to Madhav, "Lad, you see that man there. Go and punch him on the chest. You'll know what fear is."

Madhav ran swiftly to the champion and asked him to get up. Rather surprised, the wrestler got up and straight away Madhav rammed two blows on his chest. The champion fell down with the sudden onslaught. Then with a mighty roar, he rushed at Madhav. Quickly his daughter said, "Father, you've lost fair and square. Now give up."

The champion snorted and said, "How's that? He attacked me suddenly. You call that fair and square!"

Then Madhav said, "I didn't come to fight with you. I came to find out all about fear."

The wrestler said, "Oh! is that so? Well, come on, let's see you land another blow."

Madhav complied readily and smote the champion mightily on

the chest, where upon the latter again rolled on the ground.

The daughter jumped up for joy and said, "Oh, Father, look how brave and strong he is."

The wrestler getting to his feet said ruefully, "Lad, I am not going to hit you back. Instead I shall marry off my daughter to you. She'll teach you all about fear."

So one fine day, Madhav married the champion's daughter with a lot of ceremony. Then he asked his wife to teach him all about fear. So she asked him to have patience and went into the garden. Then she came back and dropped a pond frog into his lap. Madhav jumped up with alacrity and shouted for fear. His wife laughed heartily and said, "There. There. This is what is known as Fear!"



RIDDLES

1. When might it be dangerous to enter a church?
2. What is the best thing to make when in a hurry?
3. Why should men avoid the letter A?

ANSWERS

- me-a-n.
2. Haste. 3. Because it makes men
1. When a canon (cannon) is there.



The Art Of Debate

A wise Guru had three disciples who studied the various arts and sciences under him. The first studied the art of debate, the second astrology and the third learned all about useful medicines.

One day a gentleman came to the Guru to consult him about a horoscope. The teacher examined the horoscope and declared, "You intend to marry your daughter off to this suitor whose horoscope you have brought here. But because his planetary position is not very sound, he'll fall ill right after the wedding."

The gentleman looked downcast at these words. Then the Guru looked at his disciples and the first one spoke up. "Every horoscope reveals some

such defect, however when all other things are equal, this wedding can be celebrated."

The second disciple who specialised in medicine said, "Even if the bridegroom falls ill after the wedding, medicines can cure him."

The astrology student said, "Even if the planetary positions are unfavourable proper prayers can right them. So why should you let go a good suitor for your daughter?"

The gentleman was happy to hear these words and went his way satisfied.

Some days later, the Guru left on a tour and the three disciples were in charge of the house. Suddenly the Guru's young son fell ill and the mother



began to panic. She called disciples and asked them to treat the young lad.

The student of debate declared, "There's only one way to bring down the fever. Pour a jar of cold water on the head and the heat will come down."

The astrology student began to consult the almanac and cast the horoscope so that he could find out whether there was anything amiss in the planetary positions.

The medical student examined the lad and prescribed a medicine which soon brought the fever down and the lad began to get well.

That night the Guru returned from his travels and heard what had transpired in his absence. Said his wife, "Your first student who studies debate is a useless fellow. While the others did something positive and brought the fever down, he just sat there and spouted theories on the effect of cold water on heat."

The guru replied smilingly, "So you think debate is a useless subject. Well, I'll show you that the art of reasoning which is what debate is can also be very useful. This is what I propose to do." Then he whispered some instructions to his wife.

That night, at the dining table, as the last course passed its rounds, the Guru got up hastily and exclaiming, "My God, I've swallowed some poisonous insect. I am dying," swooned away on the floor.

His wife burst out into a loud lament and beseeched the students to save her husband's life.

Hastily abandoning his dinner, the astrology student took some almanacs and began to make rapid calculations. The medical student went on his knees and examined the

still form of his teacher.

Then he prescribed some medicines. But the student of debate thought for a minute or two and then resumed eating.

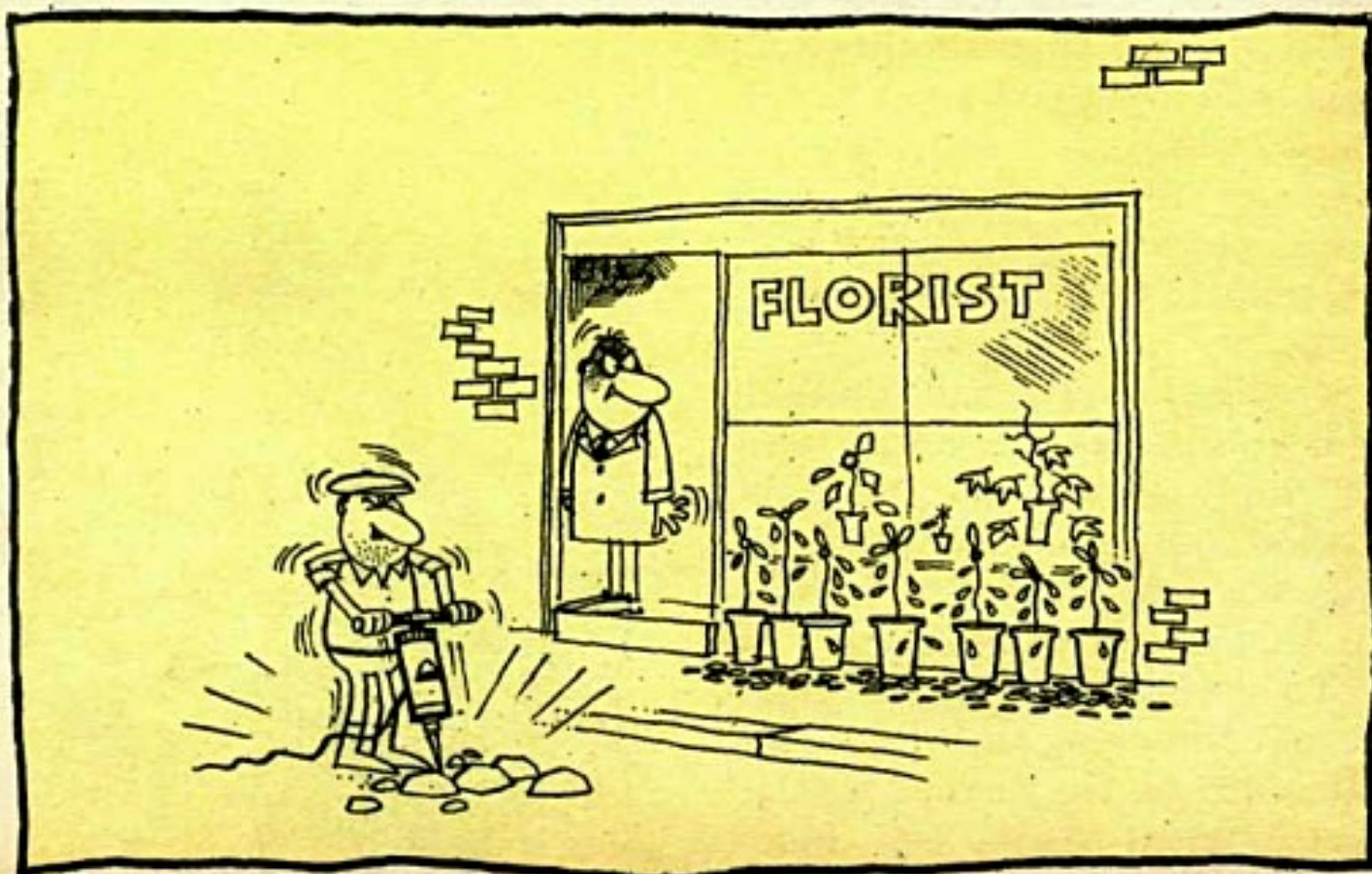
When the Guru's wife saw this, she blamed him for his inactivity and said, "Why, you ungrateful boy! Your teacher is on his death bed and you continue to eat as though nothing has happened."

The lad replied calmly, "Madam, don't worry. There's nothing the matter with my Guru. He said he had swallowed a poisonous insect. So obviously he knew that the insect was poisonous. Who in

his right senses will swallow a poisonous insect after knowing the nature of the thing? He would have spat it out right away. I am sure my Guru will never act in a blind and hasty manner. Therefore he hasn't swallowed anything poisonous."

On hearing these words, the Guru sat up hale and hearty and said to his wife, "Well, I was right, wasn't I? Even the art of debate has its uses."

Then turning to his disciples, he told them that they had acquitted themselves creditably and from that day on they were to go out into the world and practise what they had learnt.



IVAN'S MAGIC

Long ago, in a little Russian town, there lived a husband and wife whose children had all died when they were very young. One day, a beautiful little bird flew down and perched on the windowsill. "Why are you sad?" the bird asked the wife.

"I am sad because our children are dead and there is no one to bring us happiness in our old age," she replied.

"Well, do not cry," said the bird, "for I can tell you now that you will have another son, who will bring you great happiness. However you must remember to ask the first man who passes along the road after the baby's birth, to be his godfather."

Just as the bird had foretold, a beautiful baby boy was born to the wife and the husband rushed out, into the road, to ask the first man who passed to be the boy's godfather.

To his amazement, the great coach belonging to the Czar, the ruler of all Russia, was at that moment passing by. Pluc-

king up courage, the father waved the coach to a standstill. Then he knelt in front of the Czar and made his request. The Czar listened kindly, while the anxious father told his story. Then he said, "I will come to your house tomorrow, for the christening of your son." Then the Czar chose the baby's name, which was Ivan.

Ivan grew up to be a strong,



HORSE

brave lad. He was very clever and full of courage. Nothing was too daring for him to venture and he brought his old parents great joy. The Czar, too, remembered his godson and on each birthday sent him a fine present.

When Ivan was twenty years old, the Czar said he would like to see his fine godson. The city where the Czar lived was many

miles away, so Ivan's father said to him, "You cannot possibly go to visit your royal godfather on foot. Take my savings, go to market and buy a fine horse".

Ivan set off happily for the market. Before he had gone far, he met an old man, who stopped him and said, "I know you want to buy a strong, fast horse, but when you get to the market, do not buy the best horse you see. Instead, buy the thinnest, scraggiest and ugliest beast that is for sale. Then turn it loose to graze on the land beside your cottage for ten days and I promise you that it will have



turned into the most magnificent stallion."

Ivan thanked him and went on his way to the market. There he found the thinnest and ugliest horse he could see and bought it, leading it carefully back home.



The Czar told the young man that he must try to find the princess.

His father threw up his hands in despair when he saw the horse. "Son, you have thrown away our hard-earned money," he exclaimed in disgust. "You cannot turn up at the Czar's magnificent palace riding that terrible old beast."

Ivan said nothing. Instead, he turned the horse loose to graze in the field behind their little house. After ten days, he called to his father to come and see. There, instead of the ugly old horse, there was a big handsome stallion. Ivan saddled him and rode happily away to the Czar's palace.

The Czar was so proud of his brave, handsome godson, that he decided to keep him at the palace. He made Ivan Captain of the Guard and he soon became very fond of him, so fond that the court officials grew jealous.

After a time, one of them went to the Czar and said, "Your Majesty, why do you not send your godson to rescue the beautiful princess of whom he is always talking, or is he afraid to go after all his great tales?"

"I have heard of no princess," said the Czar.

"Perhaps, then, it is all lies

and he dare not tell you," replied the official. "But to us he tells many stories of a splendid white castle, encircled with walls which no man can climb. Inside there is a beautiful princess whom no one can reach and Ivan says that he will go and rescue her, bring her back and marry her."

The Czar sent for his godson and asked him about this story. The young man denied any knowledge of it. He was sure the official was only trying to stir up trouble and get him out of the kingdom, but the Czar refused to believe that he had never mentioned a beautiful princess and told the young man that he must try to find her.

Ivan went to the stables. Sorrowfully he mounted his horse, for he did not know where to go, but as soon as he was in the saddle, the horse started down the road, just as though it knew where it was going. After a long journey, Ivan found himself at the gates of a white castle, which was surrounded by high walls, in which there was not a foothold to be seen.

The young man dismounted. When he turned round, his beautiful horse had vanished



and in its place was a large eagle. Ivan sat on the eagle's back and was quickly carried into the castle. In a moment, he was at the bedside of the most beautiful princess he had ever seen. He could not resist bending to kiss her and she awoke, staring in wonder at this handsome young man.

At once, Ivan picked up his princess and together they mounted the eagle's back and were carried out of the castle.

Outside the castle walls, the eagle at once changed back into a horse and galloped off with them, along the path, which was bordered with trees.

They had not gone far, when Ivan saw in front of them an old woman, kneeling on the ground, searching this way and that. He stopped the horse and called, "Can I be of any help, good woman? Have you lost anything?"

"I have lost my magic broomstick," called the old woman. "With it I can fly anywhere, as fast as the wind, but without it I can hardly get along, for I have a wooden leg. My broomstick has certainly gone off somewhere on its own and is merrily playing truant."

Ivan got down from the horse and went off in search of the broomstick. Before long, he saw it coming dancing and twirling towards him. The old woman would never have been agile enough to catch it, in its mad antics, but Ivan, being young and quick on his feet, had soon grasped it.

The old woman beamed her thanks. "I must reward you," she said. "Take this magic whip. Whoever you touch with this will at once obey you and follow you wherever you want to go. If you touch only one soldier, any battle he takes part



in will be won for you."

The young man turned to her, to thank her, but she had disappeared.

Soon they neared the Czar's city, but to their horror, it was surrounded by enemy soldiers. No one had been able to drive them away and everyone inside the city was near to starvation.

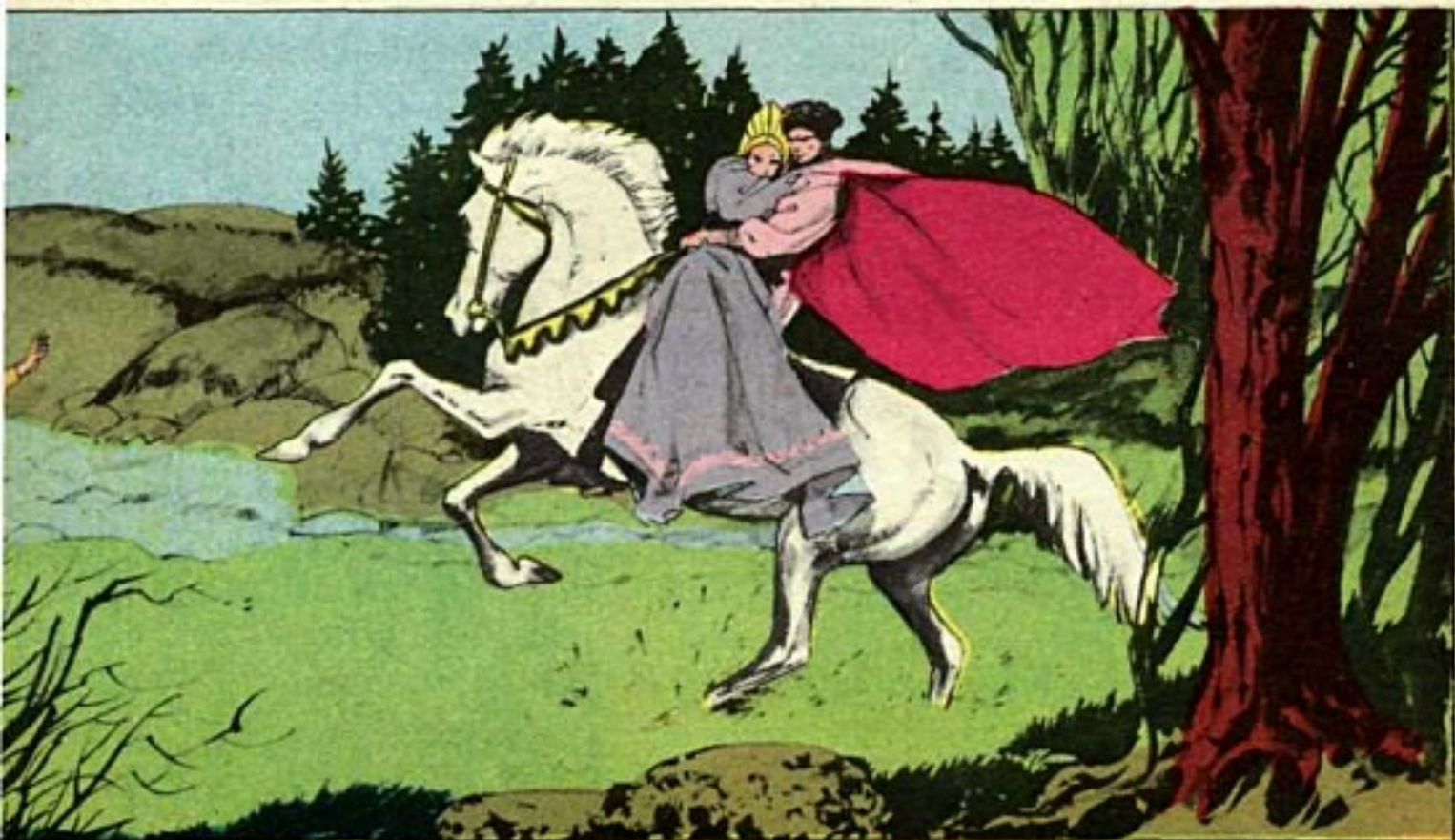
Ivan rode up to the town and touched one of the enemy soldiers with his whip. Immediately, the whole battalion fell on their knees before him and the officers asked Ivan to let them have the honour of following him.

The young man commanded

that the gates should be opened and then he rode into the city, at the head of the enemy soldiers, who all did whatever he commanded. All the citizens cheered madly and the Czar greeted him with tears of happiness in his eyes.

"My son," he said. "You have saved the kingdom. The crown is yours. I am old and I have ruled a long time. On the day that you marry your princess you shall be crowned king and queen."

Everyone was overjoyed at this and all the bells were rung, in honour of the new ruler who had saved the city.





THE MARRIAGE TRIAL

Malayaketu, the King of Sindhu had a lovely daughter called Chitrangi. She was so beautiful that princes from all over the land clamoured for her hand. The king decided to hold a competition to select the most worthy of the princely suitors.

Only the most brave and the most intelligent could hope to succeed in the tests arranged by the king. Chitrangi, the princess agreed to this novel method of choosing a husband because she was keen to marry only the best suitor.

The conditions of the test were rather severe. The suitors were required to pass unarmed through the palace garden in which roamed a ferocious tiger.

After escaping from the tiger, they would have to evade the cruel beak of a deadly hawk nesting in the garden. If they succeeded in these two tasks, then they would have to descend into a valley full of slush and mud. After crossing the valley they must clean their bodies with a tiny jugful of water given by the princess. He who succeeded in all three tasks would be eligible for the hand of the princess.

The suitors arrived and the competition began. But alas! many fell a prey to the fierce tiger, some others lost their eyes when the hawk swooped on them from above. Those who escaped from the two dangers could not wash their bodies clean with just a tiny

jugful of water.

Thus it went on, the deadly test defeating all who entered the lists and lovely Chitrangi remained unwed.

Parakramasimha, the Prince of Panchala heard about the competition and decided to win the princess's hand. When he heard about the tests, he thought for a while. Then he filled a bagful of meat, and ordered a set of thick steel body armour. Equipped thus, he entered the palace garden.

The tiger saw him and bounded forward. He opened his bag and threw out the meat. The ferocious animal fell to devouring the meat. Parakramasimha escaping from there put on his armour and wandered further afield. The hawk swooped down from the skies and pecked at his eyes fiercely. But as his face was covered by a steel visor, it could do no damage. Then he went down the valley and walked across the mud and slush until he came to where the princess awaited him. She had a tiny jugful of water just enough to wash one's little finger. How could the prince hope to wash his body clean with that little water?

But the clever prince had a trick up his sleeve. He told the princess, "Look here Princess, I'll hold the jug and you must pour the water into it, until it is full to the brim. If so much as a drop falls on the ground, then for every drop spilled by you, you must get me a large tubful of water."

The surprised princess replied, "How can that be? Each time I pour, some water is bound to overflow and spill on the ground. Clearly what you ask is impossible to do. Therefore, I agree that you have won in the tests."

Parakramasimha was not only courageous and brave, but an intelligent prince at that. Malayaketu was happy that such a splendid youth would at last marry his daughter.

The wedding of Parakramasimha and Chitrangi was celebrated with a lot of pomp and show. At the same time, all those suitors who had failed in the tests and had been imprisoned were now set free to mark the happy occasion.

What number goes away when two letters are removed?

Twenty: t-went-y.



A Norman Knight, named Sir Stephen, had been sent with a number of Norman soldiers to drive the outlaws out of Sherwood Forest. Robin Hood, however, proved far too clever for them and drove the soldiers back.

Sir Stephen sent a messenger to Robert the Wolf, asking him to send more soldiers. Robert the Wolf flew into a temper when he heard the message. "Robin Hood may fool Sir Stephen, but he won't fool me," he cried. "I will take an army and make an end of Robin Hood and his outlaws."



The weather became bad, with teeming rain and howling wind. Sir Stephen and his little band of soldiers could only shelter in the thickets and wait for help to come. "The sooner it comes the better," said the Normans.



Meanwhile the outlaws were resting comfortably in their snug camp in the heart of the forest. Robin Hood sat by the fire talking with Friar Tuck and Little John. "Wet or fine," he said, "we must attack the Normans tomorrow."

Early the following morning, Little John led the outlaws through the forest towards the Norman camp. The rain had stopped, the sun was rising, and every thing was calm and still under the trees. The outlaws moved very quietly.





They were on top of the Norman camp, before the Norman sentries saw them and raised the alarm. Little John knew then there was no sense in secrecy. "Charge," he shouted, and brandishing his stout staff he led the attack

into the Norman camp.

What with the horns, the angry shouts, the noise of the outlaws crashing through the undergrowth, and the thunder of feet, the Normans were scared and bewildered. It was more than they could stand.



They turned to run but Little John and the outlaws came bursting in on them. The outlaws came with a rush yelling: "Drive them out Saxons! Drive them out!" The Normans had to face them and fight.

Sir Stephen and his officers called to their soldiers to stand and fight. The conflict was too close for bows and arrows to be used and Robin's men wielded their clubs so well that the Normans turned to flee from the forest.

The Normans had no heart to fight, then added to their troubles came Robin Hood with the rest of the outlaws. Now the Normans were surrounded and many of the soldiers threw down their arms and rushed madly away.



The Sheriff of Nottingham had come with the soldiers, but now he wish he hadn't. "I am getting out of here while I have a chance," he thought and quickly rode away, leaving the soldiers to hold back the victorious outlaws.

Busy though he was, fighting the Normans, Friar Tuck saw the Sheriff galloping away, and he shouted the warning for all to hear. "The Sheriff's escaping again. There he goes. Stop him," he cried, and the Sheriff heard him.





The Sheriff was so afraid for his own skin that, hearing the Friar's challenging roar, he spurred his horse onward at a reckless speed. But the animal stumbled over a clump of brambles and the Sheriff was flung out of his saddle.

Sir Stephen, however, was not worrying about the Sheriff. He looked round and saw that his cold and exhausted soldiers could not fight any longer. He had to give the order to retreat. The Norman soldiers obeyed Sir Stephen gladly. They were only too pleased to get out of the forest as fast as they could.



In their haste to get away, the Normans forgot all about the poor Sheriff. He had been thrown and he had lost his horse. He ran after the Normans, appealing for someone to come and help him, but nobody bothered at all.



Now that victory had been won, Sherwood Forest became peaceful again. But unknown to Robin, his bitter foe Robert the Wolf, was even then leaving Nottingham Castle with a fresh, powerful force of Norman soldiers.

At that instant, a sudden halt was called because over the plain came a rider bearing a large flag. A knight called to Robert the Wolf: "Look, my lord. A messenger with the Royal Standard." Everybody wondered what it meant.



ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE

THE STORY OF THE COVER

CONQUERORS OF THE ATLANTIC!



WHEN a London newspaper offered a prize of £10,000 to the first people to fly non-stop across the Atlantic Ocean, two keen airmen decided to take up the challenge. Their names were John Alcock and Arthur Whitten Brown. With Alcock as pilot and Brown as navigator, they set out from St. John's Newfoundland, on June 14, 1919. The courageous flyers, in their twin-engined Vickers "Vimy" machine, flew through terrible weather and at one point Brown had to clamber on to the wing to chip away the ice which was forming on the engines. At last, the exhausted airmen brought their plane down in a remote part of Ireland and became the first to fly non-stop across the forbidding Atlantic Ocean. They took fifteen hours and fifty-seven minutes to make the crossing.

CAN POTATO LEAVES BE EATEN?

Although the potato is an everyday food, it is related to the deadly nightshade, one of the most poisonous of all plants. Only the potato tuber dug from the ground is fit to eat, for the leaves are poisonous.



THE GLASS MOUNTAIN

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, there lived a very rich merchant. He had a great house with an enormous garden which needed a whole army of gardeners to look after it.

The merchant was very proud of his garden and when, one Spring morning, on his daily walk around it, he noticed that some of his prize millet crop was missing, he became very angry.

He rushed into the house, called his three sons together and told them that he intended to punish severely the person who had stolen the millet. In order to catch the thief, if he

returned, he told his sons that they must keep watch at night, each one in turn, until the thief had been caught.

On the first night, the eldest son kept watch. He took with him a loaded pistol and a sharp sword in case he was attacked by the thief. He also took some food and a bottle of wine in case he became hungry during the night. After settling down beneath a bush near the millet plot, he decided to drink some of the wine he had brought. The night air was very warm and before long the effects of the wine and the heavy scent from the flowers had made him very

sleepy. Soon he was sound asleep and snoring.

When his father came to see him, just as the sun was rising, he found his son, still fast asleep and more of his millet crop missing.

The boy's father was very angry and the next night he made the second eldest son stay up and act as sentry. The boy took the same weapons and food as his brother and he, too, settled down beneath the bush to watch out for the thief.

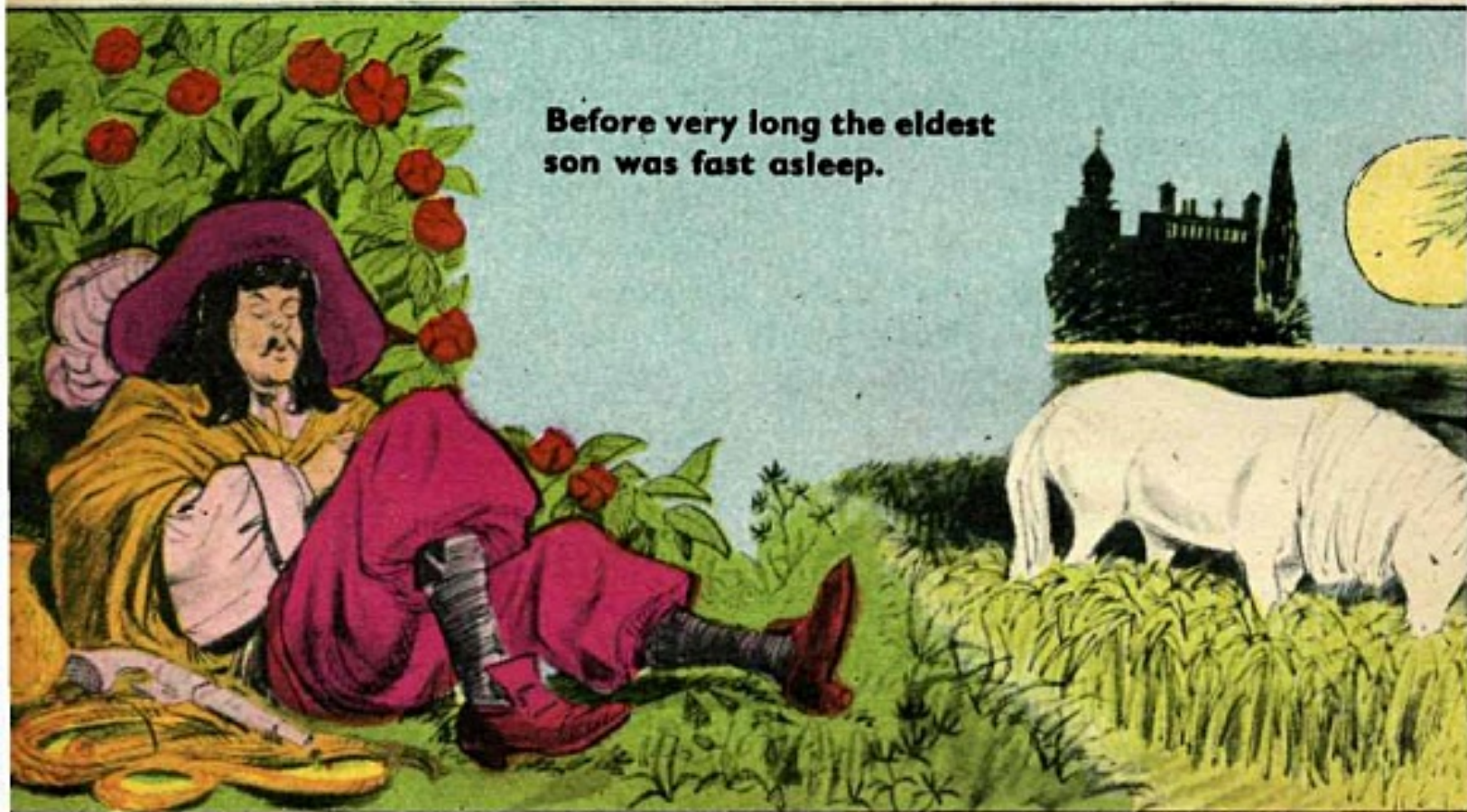
Again the Spring night was very warm and within an hour the boy had fallen sound asleep. When his father visited him in

the morning and found that still more of his millet was missing he was furious. It was now the turn of the youngest son, whose name was John.

The youngest son was a little wiser than his two brothers. He only took a coil of rope and some thorn branches. He arranged the branches on the ground so that if he went to sleep they would prick his face and wake him.

At midnight, John heard a rustling sound coming from the millet patch and raising his head above the bushes he peered out. In the light of the moon he saw the most wonderful pony

Before very long the eldest son was fast asleep.





John showed the silvery pony to his father.

nibbling at the millet. Moving very quietly he crept closer to the animal and then, with a leap, he slipped the rope around its neck. The pony did not seem to mind the rope and it allowed itself to be led away.

Early next morning, John showed the thief to his father. It was a slender pony with a lovely silvery coat and a long silver tail and John's father could not very well punish such a beautiful animal. Instead he decided to keep it in one of his stables and let John take care of it.

A few months passed by and one day, the brothers heard about a beautiful princess who lived in a castle on top of a Glass Mountain. A wicked spell had been cast on her by a wizard and nobody could get to the

top of the mountain to free her from it.

It was said that if someone managed to ride to the top on a horse and then ride three times round the castle they would remove the spell.

A number of brave young men had already tried to climb the path on horseback, but all of them had slipped on its shiny glass surface and tumbled back down the mountain again.

After hearing this story the three brothers decided to try their luck at reaching the princess. The two elder brothers chose fine horses from their father's stables and had them shod with special shoes which had spikes on. They hoped these would grip the slippery mountain path.

John, the younger son, decided to go with his brothers and so he saddled up the little silver pony and all three set off in the



direction of the Glass Mountain.

They reached it after a few days' journey and the eldest son was the first to try his luck. He mounted his horse and rode on to the slippery mountain path, but he had only gone a little way when his horse suddenly slipped and both of them came sliding back down the path again.

The second son tried next and he managed to climb a little farther than his brother, but he, too, slipped and came tumbling back down again.

John had seen how difficult it was to climb the path on a big horse, but he was determined to put his fine little pony to the test. The little animal gave a neigh and trotted on to the path, treading on the slippery glass surface without any difficulty.

Higher and higher they went, step by step and not once did the little pony's feet slip or falter. At last they reached the top and there, before them, stood the castle which held the beautiful princess prisoner.

John rode his pony three times round the castle and as he came to the great door, he saw it open and out stepped the princess.

The wicked spell had been broken and she was free at last. John rode up to her and she patted the pony's head and made a great fuss of it, just as if she had known the little animal all her life.

Then John realised that the silvery little pony was really a magic one. It belonged to the princess and it was her own special little pony. It had left the castle to find a rescuer who would return to the Glass Mountain and free the princess from her spell. John helped her up on to the saddle and off they went, down the mountain path again, without so much as a

slip or a slide. When they reached the bottom, John saw his two brothers, none the worse for their tumbles and after he had told them what had happened and how he had found the princess they all set off home.

When he reached his father's house, all the servants were there to welcome him home, for the story of his success had spread very quickly.

Before the year was out John and the princess were married. They went to live in the castle at the top of the Glass Mountain and there they stayed, together with the silvery pony and all three lived happily ever after.

A door opened and out came the princess, freed from the wicked spell.



THE SONG THAT SAVED A KING

You have read of King Richard the Lion Heart in the Robin Hood story. Now here is the story of when King Richard was held prisoner by the Duke of Austria

Nearly eight hundred years ago, in the year 1192, King Richard the Lion-Heart set out to return to his kingdom of England from Palestine, where he had been fighting in the Crusades. On his way home he was captured by his enemy, the Duke of Austria and kept a prisoner in one of the duke's castles. For months no one knew where the king was, or whether he was alive or dead. This is a famous legend, which tells how King Richard was finally found by a minstrel called Blondel. King Richard finally reached England in 1194, two years after he had set out for home.

One day, nearly eight hundred years ago, a soldier rode up to a wayside inn in Austria and asked for a bed for the night. He was dressed like a poor peasant, but it was plain at once that he was a soldier.

He was over six feet tall and he sat straight and proud in the saddle, as a soldier does. His hair was fair, but his skin was tanned a deep brown by the hot sunshine of Palestine, where he had been fighting in the Crusades and his muscles bulged powerfully, showing that he was used to using a soldier's heavy weapons.

It was Richard, King of England, who was riding in disguise through Austria. He was on his way home from the Crusades and he was forced to wear a disguise, for the Duke of Austria was his enemy and wanted to capture him and keep him prisoner.

While King Richard rested, his servant went to buy food in the market. Thrust through his belt he carried the king's richly embroidered gloves and so busy was he, with his purchases, that he did not notice



The soldiers burst into the inn and seized King Richard.

the group of Austrian soldiers lounging near one of the stalls, or see the interest they showed in the rich g'oves, which they were sure could only belong to some powerful lord. He did not notice that they were follow-

ing him, as he returned to the inn with his heavy basket.

King Richard was sleeping when the soldiers burst into the inn and surrounded him. They sent him as a prisoner to his enemy, the Duke of Austria

and he was taken to the lonely castle of Durenstein on the River Danube, where he remained a prisoner.

In England, the people waited for their king's return, but the months went by and still he did not appear. There was no news of him and no one knew where he was. People began to mutter that perhaps the king was dead and his brother, Prince John, should be crowned king instead.

King Richard's friends were sure he was not dead and one of them, a minstrel called Blondel, who had often sung for the king, set out to find him.

All across Europe, Blondel wandered, his lute in his hand, singing his lovely songs for all who would listen. Blondel's voice was so sweet and his songs so pleasant to listen to, that wherever he went, people always made him welcome.

Everywhere he went, he would ask if there was a castle nearby. Then he would go to the castle, sing his songs to the lord and his family and in return he would receive supper and a bed for the night. Always, as he ate his supper, he listened carefully to all the servants' gossip to find out if they had

any important prisoner in the castle.

For many months, Blondel wandered across Europe. His fine clothes were in tatters and he was almost penniless, but he travelled on, until he reached the River Danube; in Austria.

As evening drew on, he looked for somewhere to spend the night and he called out to a passing merchant, "Can you tell me if there is a castle near here?"

"There is the Castle of Durenstein," the merchant called back, "but I do not know if they would welcome a minstrel. They are all tough soldiers there."

At a place where the river widened, Blondel caught his first glimpse of the Castle of Durenstein. It was tall and grim, built on top of a hill and surrounded by steep rocks.

At a nearby inn, Blondel stopped for something to eat. "Who owns the great castle on the top of that rock?" he asked the widow woman who kept the inn.

"That belongs to the Duke of Austria," she replied. Blondel pricked up his ears, for he knew that the Duke of Austria was King Richard's

Everywhere he went he would sing his songs and in return he would receive supper and a bed for the night.



great enemy.

"It must be a good castle in which to keep prisoners, for it seems impossible to escape from it," he said. "Doubtless that is where the duke keeps all his enemies imprisoned."

"No," said the widow. "There is only one prisoner in that castle, but he must be very important, for he is very closely guarded. We have never been able to find out who he is."

Blondel's spirits rose, for he was sure now that he had

found the king. He left the inn and climbed the rocky hill to the castle. Then he wandered all the way round the walls, singing and playing on his lute. He sang a song which he and Richard had composed together and which they had often sung before he left for the Crusades.

Blondel finished singing the first verse and as he did so, from a tiny window high up in the tower, came the sound of a voice, singing the second verse of the song. It came faintly down to the minstrel below and

he knew that it was the voice of the king he heard.

Quickly Blondel made his way from the castle, through the gathering darkness. He traveled as fast as he could go, pausing only to rest and sleep, until he reached England. When he landed, he went at once to the Lord Chancellor, the most powerful official in the land and told him that the Duke of Austria was holding King Richard prisoner in his great Castle of Durenstein.

At once, the Lord Chancellor sent a message to the duke, asking for King Richard's release and now that the whereabouts of his prisoner were known, the duke had to agree, but he demanded a heavy ransom for the king's release.

Messengers were sent around England, asking for money to ransom the king and the people of England gave their money gladly. A few months after Blondel's return, the money was paid and King Richard, whom we know as Richard the Lion-Heart, landed at the English port of Sandwich, a free man again and all because of the song a minstrel had sung, beneath the castle walls in Austria.

From a window, high up in the tower, came the sound of a voice.





POSITION AND ABILITY

The King of Sundarpur was a great patron of the Arts. He honoured artists and poets who came to his court. One day an artist called Sanga came to his court and showed the king his numerous paintings. The ruler admired the art of Sanga and gifted him with five thousand gold sovereigns. Sanga bowed low before the king and said, "Your Majesty, I wish to paint your portrait. Permit me to do that."

The king replied, "Certainly, you may."

So Sanga began his portrait of the king and in ten days had it ready. Those who saw the painting admired the skill of the artist. Even the king exclaimed, "Excellent. Your skill has no

equal to it. Now tell me, how can I reward you for your brilliant effort?"

Then Sanga replied, "Your Majesty, I am an artist. There is nothing wonderful in painting pictures like these. I wish to display my skill in some other direction. I wish to serve as your Chief Minister."

The king heard these bold words and looked at his wise chief minister, Gyanananda. He nodded his head urging the king to agree to the request. So the king said, "Right, from this very minute you are my Chief Minister. Gyanananda will retire from his post from today."

That evening the king and Sanga went round the city on



a tour of inspection. They came to a temple at the door of which sat an old man who was busy throwing grain to the crows.

Addressing him, the king said, "Well, old man why do you waste your time throwing grain to the crows? I'll give you a swan, better to feed it!"

The old man replied, "Very well. Your Majesty, but I'll test your bird to find out whether it be truly a swan or not. If it be false, then I'll pluck its feathers and send them to you."

Then the king said again, "It seems you have not even spared that packet of food."

The old man replied, "That's useful only when I go on a journey."

The king persisted in his questioning. "And even after that what will you do with that packet of food?"

The old man said placidly, "If even after that the packet remained it would be emptied."

The king asked, "And what is the state of your house?"

The old man replied, "Why, it became vacant before your very eyes! Didn't you notice?" The king chuckled to hear this and said, "You are clever, old fellow. Let me test you. I have two precious gems. I can neither give them away nor can I separate them. Can these gems reflect light on both sides?"

The old man said, "No, the power of one gem is also the same as the other. They can reflect light only on one side."

After this exchange of questions and answers, the king returned to the palace accompanied by Sanga. There he asked Sanga to explain the meaning of the remarks made by the old man.

Sanga scratched his head and said, "That's what is so puzzling. I thought you were joking

with that old man."

The king said severely, "You must tell me the meaning of the old man's utterances by tomorrow or quit your post as Chief Minister."

Sanga returned home dejected and worried. He thought over the matter all night but could not fathom the meaning of the old man's words. Early next morning he went to the old man and requested him to explain what he had said.

The old man said craftily, "Sir, I'll explain it you if you pay me four thousand gold sovereigns." Sanga thought it was too much money to give,

but he had no other way out but to comply with old man's request.

Then the old man explained his riddle. A packet of food and the words taught to man cannot last long. Just as food disappears once it is eaten, the acquired words do not last. Man can only learn by himself. Then as to the second riddle, the king referred to the vacant post of the chief minister, to which you were appointed. Lastly he referred to his two eyes as precious gems. They can see only what is reflected in front of them. Both combine to see the same object.



Now let us come to the question of the Swan. I said I would open the feathers and examine the quality of the bird. All these things point to you. If the king sent you to me, I would take what you have and send you back. You gave the four thousand gold sovereigns. Now you will go back and tell the king whatever I have told you. Do you understand how well you fill the post of the Chief Minister?"

Sanga returned to the palace in a thoughtful mood and related to the king the conver-

sation between him and the old man. Then he said, "Your Majesty, I don't think I deserve to be a Chief Minister. Pray accept my resignation."

The king said, "Good. I am glad you have learnt your lesson. Do you know who that old man was?"

Sanga looked at him blankly.

The king continued, "He is the former Chief Minister of this land, Gyanananda!"

Then Sanga said, "True, I have learnt my lesson. He deserves to be the Chief Minister!" After this he left Sundarpur, never to return.



WHERE IS AMERICA'S PARLIAMENT BUILDING?

In Washington, in the District of Columbia. The building is called the Capitol and it is made of marble and freestone. It stands on a hill and it has a central dome which is topped by a statue of Liberty.



The priest's wisdom

In the town of Puliyangudi there lived a temple priest called Gopal. He was a wise man who loved to settle the disputes of his neighbours to the satisfaction of all. He did all this freely and never expected rewards for his good deeds.

The king heard about his wisdom and decided to see for himself how this good man dispensed justice to all. So he and his minister set out for the town of Puliyangudi in disguise. They saw the priest at work in the temple, and without disturbing him went away.

Now the townspeople were in the habit of collecting firewood from the nearby forest. One of them, as usual, went off

to the forest and was surprised to see an old prophet sitting under a tree. So he sat down before the prophet and asked to be told his future.

The prophet said, "I'll show you a vision. If you can tell me what it is all about, then I'll predict your future for you." The man agreed. Immediately a palace appeared before him. The next minute a clap of thunder accompanied by the streaks of lightning levelled the palace to the ground.

Now when the prophet asked the townsman to explain the meaning of what he had seen, the latter remained silent. Then the prophet declaring, "Well, this is your future,"



forthwith turned the man into a statue.

Then another townsman came into the forest and asked to be told his future. Again the prophet said, "I'll show you a vision. You must tell me the meaning of it." The man agreed, and the next minute saw a huge tree taking shape before his eyes. There were many tiny birds twitting on the branches.

But a huge eagle flew in and devoured the whole lot. Then the scene disappeared when the prophet asked him to explain the meaning of what he had seen, he remained perplexed and silent. So the prophet declar-

ing, "Well this is your future," turned him also into a statue.

Yet the third man ventured into the forest and asked the prophet to foretell his future. As before, the prophet projected a scene before him and asked him to explain it. The scene was that of an old man who was bent double under a load of firewood. Yet he went on picking twigs and added them to his burden. At last, he collapsed and died. As with the other two, the prophet asked him to explain what he had seen but the man could only blink in ignorance. Then the prophet turned him into a statue.

A curious onlooker who had witnessed all this ran to the town in haste and related all that had happened. The townspeople were convinced that the prophet was indeed a wizard who was casting his spell on them. So they ran to him and demanded to know why he had turned their neighbours into stone statues. Then the prophet said, "Who-soever come here to know his future will be shown a vision, the meaning of which must be explained to me. He who fails will be turned to stone. I warn

them of this and take their consent before they undertake to consult me. So how can you blame me for what has happened to your neighbours?"

The townspeople crestfallen at these words returned to the town, but the relatives of those who had become statues ran to Gopal, the temple priest and pleaded with him to restore their kinsmen to them. The priest heard attentively what they had to say and promised to look into the matter. Then he too, went to the forest to talk to the prophet.

He saw the prophet seated under a tree and falling at his feet said, "Good Sir, you have turned three innocent men into statues. Please restore them to their original shapes."

Then the prophet said, "Ah! So you are the big one of this town. While all the other demanded to know their future, you alone have come on an errand of mercy. Pray, what do you do?"

Gopal replied humbly, "Holy Sir, I believe in helping others. I too, am familiar with spells and magic craft. You seem to be a good man. So, I hope to persuade you to release my friends from your spell."

Hearing that, the prophet said, "Very well. Let me read your palm and foretell your future."

But the priest said, "Holy sir, I don't wish to know my future. God who created all men did not intend that we should know that. That being the case, I don't believe it is right for us to probe the future."

The prophet laughed and said, "Very well. You wish to release your friends from my spell. But first you must explain to me the meaning of the three visions, I showed the others. If you answer rightly, then your friends will regain their forms."



The priest agreed and the prophet began: "In the first vision a palace was razed to the ground by a bolt of lightning and thunder. What did this signify?"

The priest said, "Though the palace was huge, its foundations were weak, therefore it fell. Similarly, man's life can stand firm only when it is propped up by the foundations of good associations. Else, it too will collapse at the slightest attack. That is the meaning of the first vision."

As the priest finished speaking one of the statues fell away and the first towns man stood whole and alive.

The prophet related the second vision and again the priest said, "Just as the evil eagle devours smaller and more helpless birds, so also evil men will harm those who are weak and helpless. There need be no reason for such behaviour. This happens all the time in the world of humans."

The second statue came to life as the priest ended his explanation.

The prophet showed the priest the third vision and this time the latter said, "In the world, man's greed is limitless.

Though the old man already carried a huge burden, his greed for more firewood increased the strain on him and he collapsed. Similarly, excessive greed is the reason why people come to grief." Now the third statue came to life as Gopal ended his words.

The prophet clapped his hands and said, "Well said, my friend! Though you don't wish to know it, yet I will tell you what fate has in store for you. Tomorrow, the king of this land will honour you suitably. Actually, I am a wizard sent here by the king to test your wisdom."

The next day, the king sent for the wise priest and heaped all kinds of presents on him. Then he praised him for his wisdom and intelligence and wanted to appoint him to his work. But Gopal, the humble priest preferred to return to the town of Puliyangudi where he continued to serve the people wisely and well.

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■ "DOES THIS DOG have a pedigree?" the woman customer asked the pet shop clerk.

"A pedigree?" echoed the clerk, "Madam, if this dog could talk, he wouldn't speak to either of us."



# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here is your opportunity to win a cash prize!  
Winning captions will be announced in the June issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded for the best double caption. Remember, entries must be received by the 30th April.
- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address together with age and sent to:

Photo Caption Contest,  
Chandamama Magazine,  
Madras-26.

## Result of Photo Caption Contest in February Issue

The prize is awarded to

Mr. Joseph D' Silva

20/A Lady Madhavan Nair Road

Nungambakkam, Madras 34

Winning Entry — 'Spinning Speed' — 'Daring Deed'



# The Little Men and the Alpenhorn

Long ago, up in the high mountains known as the Swiss Alps, there lived a herdsman named Hans. During the day, Hans tended his cows, finding them sweet pasture to feed on and watching to see that they did not stray away and come to any harm.

At night when all the cows had been milked, Hans would climb to the big, jutting rock behind his chalet to wave to his sweetheart, Frieda, who lived on the next mountain.

Then he would return home, to dream of the time when he and Frieda would have enough money to marry. Often he wished that he could talk to Frieda, but the deep valley lay between them and it was not often that he had the time to make his way down the mountain and up the other side again, to see her.

One night, as Hans lay asleep in the little wooden chalet where he lived, he was awakened by a strange sound, which seemed to be coming from the room below.

Puzzled, Hans listened carefully. It sounded like the voices of several men, talking together in the room beneath him and Hans got out of bed and crept down the stairs, to see who was making the noise, for he was afraid it might be robbers. He peered into the room and was amazed to see a big fire, roaring up the chimney, while around it stood three little men, with white beards, each dressed in a long, brown cloak.

One of them stirred a big pot, which hung over the fire. The second poured into the pot something which looked like milk and the third stacked wood on the fire to keep the flames





burning merrily up the chimney.

As Hans watched, he saw the first little man take a bottle from his pocket and empty its contents into the boiling milk. The second little man went over to the door. He picked up a strange horn, like a very long pipe, which was leaning against the door and put it to his lips. It was much bigger than the little man himself and Hans had

never seen anything like it before. The little man began to play a simple tune on his horn. The sound it made was rich and deep. It echoed and re-echoed round the mountain. Hans was sure that it must be magic music, for through the open door he could see that all his cows had come to the doorway, as if in answer to the music.

Inside the house, the little



man had finished stirring the milk in the pot. He took it off the fire and poured its contents into three different pails. Hans saw the boiling milk change colour as it entered the pails. In the first pail, the liquid was red, in the second pail it was green and in the third pail it remained white milk.

The third little man looked around, as though he had known all the time that Hans was there behind him and he beckoned to Hans to come across.

"Hans," he said. "Here are three pails. You may drink from one of them, but listen carefully first to what I have to tell you. If you drink from the pail with the green liquid, you will become a very rich man. If you choose the red one, you will become very strong, but if you choose to drink the white liquid, you will be able to play the tune you have just heard on the big horn outside. Think carefully before you drink and make sure you are certain what you want."

Hans did not take long to make up his mind. More than anything he wanted to make lovely music on the big horn, as the little man had done. He wanted to hear the deep notes

go echoing round the valleys again. He picked up the white pail and drank from it. The little man beamed. "Hans, I congratulate you," he said. "For if you had chosen one of the other pails and become either very rich or very strong, you would not have been happy. As it is, the magic horn is yours. It is called an alpenhorn and it will be very useful to the Swiss people, for its sound will carry across the deep valleys, from one mountain to another. If you had refused this gift, many hundreds of years would have





gone by before Swiss mountain-folk were offered the alpenhorn again."

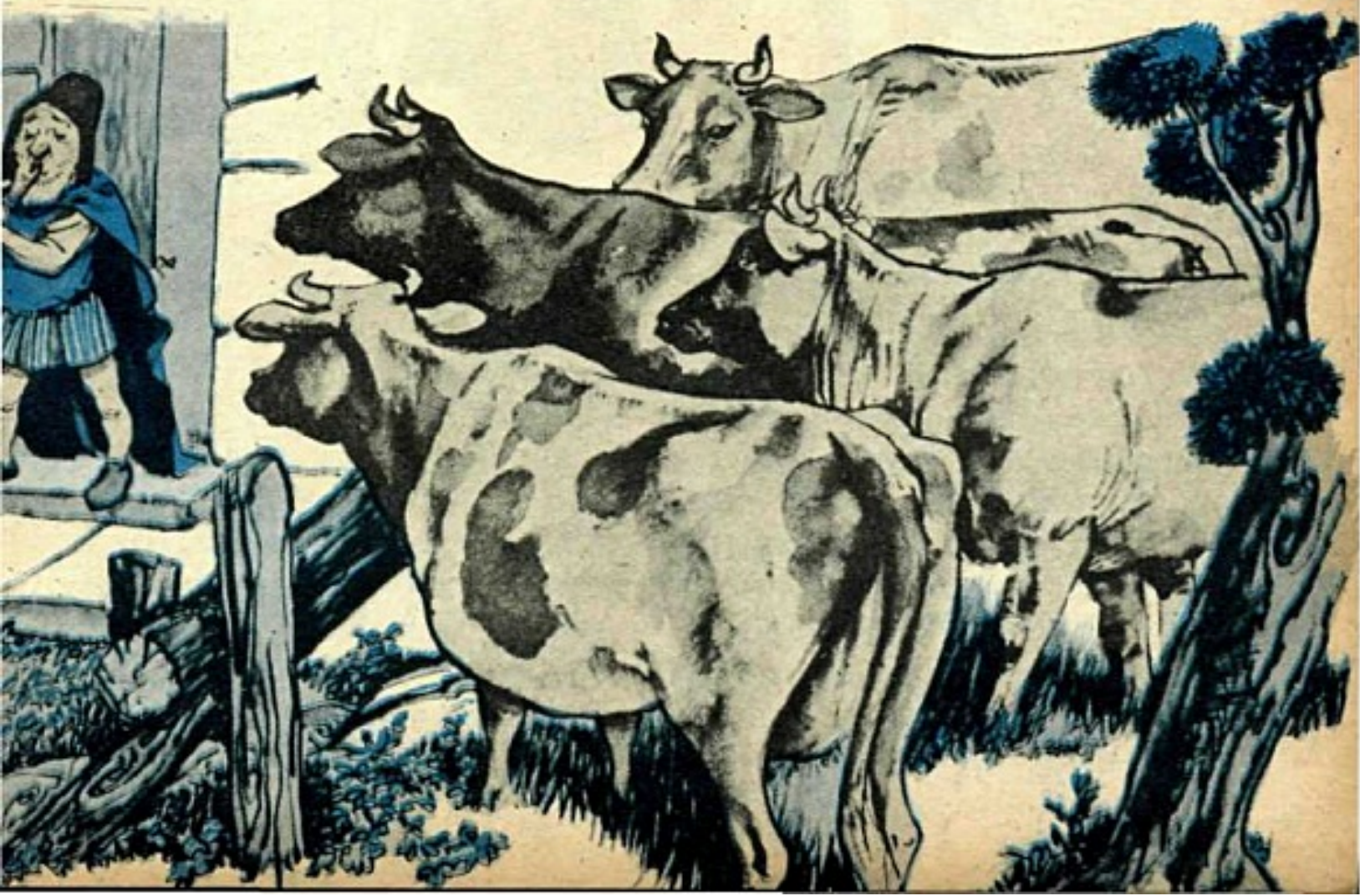
At this, the three little men vanished, the pails of coloured liquid vanished as well and the fire died down in the grate. Hans stared around him, but there was nobody there and he almost thought it was a dream, until he heard the gentle mooing of the cattle outside the door.

There, standing beside his door, was the long wooden horn on which the little man had played his lovely tune. Hans picked it up lovingly and put it

to his lips. He found, to his delight, that he too could make the simple tune which he had heard the little man play and he was pleased when he heard the notes re-echo around the mountains.

It was not long before the news of Han's wonderful horn spread. When the cows heard it, they knew where Hans was and came running to his call, so that Hans never lost his cows.

When the people in the valleys heard it, they said, "There goes Hans and his talking horn,"







for Hans had made his Frieda one and she listened for the tune which he played her, each night on his horn and then she played him one in return. If she wanted to see him urgently, she had a special little tune which she played and Hans would cross the valley and climb up the mountain to where she lived to see what was the matter.

Soon the idea spread far and wide. Other people made themselves horns like the one which Hans had and they used them

to send messages to each other, in the form of music, from mountain to mountain, so that people who could rarely meet, could hear each other's music.

Today, the Swiss still use their alpenhorns to talk to each other in the mountains and when the cattle are scattered over the pasture, the soft, booming sounds which the herdsman, makes on his alpenhorn, call the cattle together again and prevent them from straying too far away.





# MAHABHARATA

*The Story so far. . . . .*

*The Pandava princes who had undergone years of exile, with all its sufferings and privations, rightly demand that they should now be given back their inheritance of the Kingdom of Indraprastha.*

*But the Kauravas, headed by the scheming and arrogant Duryodhana, are intent of depriving the Pandavas of everything, and despite the counsel of the veritable Bhishma and Vidura, Duryodhana will only listen to the wily Karna, and welcomes the opportunity to meet the Pandavas on the field of battle.*

Power corrupts and the new leader forgets his past. He becomes blind to the Truth. So it was with Nahusha. Having attained the highest position in the universe, he began to behave like an upstart. He cast covetous eyes on Sachidevi, Indra's wife.

When she became aware of his evil intentions she took refuge with Brahaspathi, the wise teacher. Nahusha angered at this began to threaten the sage. Soon there was a division in the ranks of the sages and hermits. Some spoke in favour of Nahusha,





### **Sachidevi implores Indra to slay Nahusha**

some against his action. Brahaspathi firmly refused to hand over Sachidevi to Nahusha.

When Nahusha's anger reached alarming proportions, the wise teacher of the gods decided to teach him a lesson.

One day to Nahusha's great joy, Sachidevi arrived at his place and spoke to him. "Lord, as long as my husband lives, I cannot marry you. Let me know for sure that he is no more, then I shall consent to marriage with you. Till then you must be patient."

Nahusha agreed to wait.

In the meanwhile, the gods

went in search of Indra and even performed the Horse Sacrifice to draw him out of his hiding. When Indra saw Nahusha occupying the seat of divine power, he ran off in fright. But his wife pursued him and said, "Lord, kill Nahusha and regain your throne."

Indra replied pitifully, "I cannot win over Nahusha in my present state. He is too powerful. Only a trick will save me. Unless he incurs the wrath of the sages through some misdeed or the other and loses their protection, I cannot overcome him. Therefore, make him come to your abode in a palanquin carried by the sages. Then he will fall foul of the sages."

So Sachidevi sent word to Nahusha accordingly. The upstart ordered the sages to carry him in a golden palanquin. The latter though taken aback by this insulting behaviour hastened to obey. As Nahusha was being borne along, he carried on a fierce argument with his divine carriers, and once in a fit of temper kicked at Agasthya, the venerable sage. Promptly, the diverfish hermit cast a spell on him and Nahusha turned into a lowly serpent. Thus he



fell from his high state and lost everything. Indra regained his throne.

Salya ended the tale of Nahusha and said, "Thus perish all whom power corrupts." Then bidding farewell to Yudhisthira, he went back to Duryodhana.

Now, war preparations on both sides were afoot. To aid the Pandavas came Yuyudana, Dhristaketu, Jayathsen, the Pandya King, Drupada, King Virata and several more powerful rulers. Many tribal kings with their fierce warriors arrived at Upablaya to fight under the standards of the Pandavas.

On Duryodhana's side came the Titan Bagadatta, son of Narakasura, Buvisravana, Salya, Kritavarma and Jayadratha.

Neela, King of Mahishmati, the King of Avanthi, the King of Kekaya, and several more arrived at Hastinapura with their armies to fight against the Pandavas.

Duryodhana was hard put to accommodate all his allies, but he did his best to make them comfortable.

The various armies were quartered at different centres. Their flags flew at Panchanada, Gurujangal, Prohidaranya, Ahicchatra, Kalkuta, Ganga-



**The armies begin to assemble**

kuta, Varuna, and on the banks of the Yamuna river. Drupada's high priest and emissary wondering at this awesome sight arrived at Hastinapura. He was well received by Vidura, Bhishma and Dhritarashtra. He was invited to speak before the assembly of the Kauravas.

Then the emissary addressed the crowded court. "Oh! Wise men," he began, "Dhritarashtra and Pandu are kinsmen. They have equal rights to the properties of their ancestors. Now that right is being enjoyed solely by the Kauravas.

The Pandavas have been deprived of their position. What





**The brahmin tells Dhritarashtra to avoid war**

is the reason for this? Everyone knows how Duryodhana schemed to deprive them of their lawful inheritance. The Pandavas survived all attempts on their lives. Thirteen years they spent in hard exile. Yet they have no rancour in their hearts. They desire peace and only claim what is their own. Justice is on their side. Though Duryodhana be strong in armed might, yet ultimate victory will go to the Pandavas. Therefore, let Duryodhana make peace with them. That will be good for all."

Bhishma said, "Oh!

Brahmin, What you say is true indeed. I believe the Pandavas are sincere in their desire for peace. As long as Bhima and Arjuna spearhead the Pandava attack, even the gods will not dare to oppose them."

Karna spoke up sharply, "Oh! Brahmin, you have not said anything new. Everyone is aware of what really happened. Yudhishtira gambled with full knowledge of the consequences. He lost and went into exile. Now how can he claim the kingdom? We do not fear the might of the Pandavas. Let them give up their claim to the throne and return to the forest."

Then Bhishma rebuked Karna.

"Karna, words run off your mouth uselessly. Have you forgotten that Arjuna, single handed routed the Kauravas recently? We must pause and consider our actions. We should not inflame the Pandavas further. Don't be childish in your talk."

Dhritarashtra too rebuked Karna for his rash words. Bhishma had spoken for all and was motivated by his desire to restore peace. Then he turned to the priestly emissary and



said, "Sir, I shall give the Pandavas my answer through Sanjay."

The Pandava emissary had to be satisfied with that.

Some time later Dhritarashtra sent Sanjay over to the Pandava camp. The Kaurava emissary was hospitably received by Yudhishtira and the other Pandavas. After replying suitably to their felicitations, Sanjay addressed the assembled gathering of Pandava kinsmen. "Dhritarashtra desires nothing but peace and tranquillity on earth. War means bloodshed and countless loss of lives. It is barbaric for kinsfolk to kill each other. The Pandavas are great warriors, no doubt. But Duryodhana has also gathered a mighty army. But why should we fight? We can establish peace at the conference table. Therefore work for peace. This is all I have to say."

Yudhishtira replied, "Oh! Sanjay, what you say is right. We don't want a war. We also desire to settle our differences peacefully. Only a fool will resort to war when differences can be resolved amicably. We must bear in mind the plight of all those who will

be affected by the out-break of war. Can we call the man who lights a lamp in the darkness, an incendiary? How can Dhritarashtra who protects the evil Duryodhana be happy? Their fall began when they gambled deceitfully. But if the Kauravas so desire, let there be peace. We shall forgive them for what they did to us. But let them give me Indraprastha. Duryodhana can continue to be the King of Kings. I shan't mind."

Sanjay bowed his head before these reasonable words. He said, "Good Yudhishtira,



**Duryodhana refuses to listen to Bhishma**





**Karna angrily rebukes Bhishma**

you are a just man. You are not avaricious. So give up the idea of war. Duryodhana will never part with his territory voluntarily. That is why I say you should not engage in war. You are good people. Why should you besmirch your good reputation by resorting to war."

Then Yudhishtira smiled and said, "All that is very well. We shall be just. But should we give up our fundamental rights? There is virtue in facing danger, however unjust the action may be. We have Lord Krishna with us. We shall obey his injunctions in this matter.

Lord Krishna got up as though on cue and told Sanjay, "Sanjay you speak of peace and tranquillity! But have you forgotten that to the Kshatriya, war is virtue? When Duryodhana usurped the Pandava throne, Dhritarashtra spoke not a word in protest. His silence was his seal of approval for an unjust action. Where was justice then? All these years Duryodhana has enjoyed the prosperity that rightfully belonged to the Pandavas. Therefore it is only proper for him to return the kingdom to the proper heirs. If he fails to comply with their request, then he alone is responsible for the consequences. According to the Kshatriya ideal, war is the solution. Go and tell Dhritarashtra that."

Sanjay listened to these words uneasily and then got into his chariot. As he was leaving, Yudhishtira flung these words at him. "Oh! Sanjay. We don't want the entire kingdom. Let Duryodhana give us only a portion of his territory."

Sanjay pondered over these words and then promised to convey them faithfully to Dhritarashtra. Then he left for Hastinapura.





## DAZZO washes whiter!

I know the very job for me!  
I've thought about it lots, you see!  
One day my work will all be seen  
Upon the little TV screen!

Advertisements! That's what I'll write!  
For soaps that wash a whiter-white,  
For doggy-food and choc'late rolls,  
For High-Speed Gas and smokeless coals.

I'll write advertisements for cheese,  
And instant coffee, frozen peas,  
And special stuff to clean the floor,  
And paint that doesn't drip, what's more!

But though I'll be as rich as can be,  
My parents *won't* be proud of me,  
For when it comes to Mums and Dads  
Mine never LOOK at ads!







## DEED AND REWARD

The King of Alakapuri had five sons in a row, but he longed for a daughter. His ministers advised him to marry again. So the king married a lovely maiden called Urmila.

The new Queen was a beautiful woman, but so proud and jealous that she could not stand any rival to herself. She hated Chandravathi the other queen and could not endure her presence at the court. One day she drove her rival and her children out into the dark forest.

Poor Chandravathi was then carrying the king's last child, and so with a heavy heart she lived in the middle of the forest with her five sons. Secretly she hoped that the new baby would

be a girl so that the king would change his mind and recall them back to the palace. But the high Priest who had always helped her sent word to the effect that she should be on her guard as the new Queen had given orders that the new-born babe, if it was a girl should be put to death. Therefore when the child was born she should announce to the world that it was a boy. In due course, a girl was born to her but she announced to everyone that she had become the mother of a bonny boy.

Some months later Urmila also became the mother of a bonny boy whom she named Jayavir. The years rolled by and the boy



became a handsome young man much admired in the court.

One day he went out hunting in the nearby forest and got separated from his retinue. After wandering around for some time, he felt thirsty and hungry. He looked around for food and saw some wild fruit trees. He plucked one tempting fruit and ate it. But hardly had the first bite passed his lips than he fell down in a swoon.

Just then Chandravathi's sons came into the forest and saw the young prince there. They carried him home and revived him with some herbs. Jayavir got well soon and thanking his hosts wanted to know who they were. Chandravathi who recognised the prince did not reveal her true identity. Instead she said her husband had abandoned them many years ago and she was now living in that cottage in the middle of the forest.

But Jayavir was not satisfied with her glib answer. So he suggested that her sons could go with him to the palace where he would appoint them to the work. But Chandravathi did not agree to this and Jayavir had to return to the palace disappointed.

Once back at the palace, Jayavir told his mother all that had happened to him in the forest. Then Urmila realized that her rival had become the mother of a girl. Her hatred and malice grew anew and she determined to kill Chandravathi and her children. So she called her son and said, "Son, I believe the woman you met in the forest is the wife of the king's ex-bodyguard who after his treachery to your father ran off some place. It seems she has taken refuge in the





forest. However, as she and her sons saved you from death, we must thank them suitably. So, I'll send some nice clothes and sweets to her. Take a royal escort and deliver them yourself."

Now the wicked queen put poison into the sweets and gave them to her son to take. She called aside Jayavir's escort, a young soldier and said to him, "Make sure that my son touches none of these. Guard him well and I'll reward you suitably."

Jayavir went to Chandravathi's house and presented her with the clothes and the sweets, and said, "Madam,

please take these as gifts from a grateful household. My mother prepared these sweets herself."

The royal attendant added, "Yes, madam. Give these only to your children and to no one else."

But Chandravathi smelled a rat. From his words, Chandravathi guessed that some evil lurked in the gifts. In Jayavir's presence, she broke some of the sweets and threw them to the crows which died on eating them.

Jayavir was horrified to see this and wanting to test them took a few in his hand. His





royal attendant quickly dashed them on the ground and said, "Sire, don't eat these!" Then Jayavir ordered the servant to reveal the mystery of the sweets. Under threat of death, the attendant revealed that Urmila had intended to poison Chandravathi and her children. Thus Jayavir found out who they were. Highly incensed at the action of his mother, he turned to the servant and said, "Go and tell my mother that I ate the sweets and have become unconscious."

When Urmila heard the sad news, she wrung her hands in despair and told the king, "Sire! have you heard what has happened? Chandravathi has poisoned my son. Let us go and punish her."

So the king and queen set out in post haste to the forest. Urmila leaped out of the chariot and went screaming into Chandravathi's house. "Oh! wicked woman, why have you poisoned my son?"

But what was her surprise to be greeted by Jayavir himself, safe and sound. He said, "Who tried to poison whom? Here are the sweets you sent them. My god, you tried to kill them all."



Then the king was overjoyed to be re-united with Chandravathi and his sons. When he saw his daughter his joy knew no bounds. Then Urmila's wicked plot was exposed and she was sentenced to a long stretch in the palace dungeons.

Chandravathi returned to the place Urmila had usurped and lived happily with all her children. As for Jayavir, he was most fond of his stepmother and brothers and did his best to make them happy in their new state.



# A CLEVER JUDGEMENT



Som and Sundar were two friends who lived in a big city. Som was a simpleton and the butt of the jokes of his friends, chief of whom was Sundar. He lived modestly with his wife.

Sundar was clever but envious of his good friend Som. He lived by his wits and somehow managed to make both ends meet. He had a glib tongue and could talk the hind legs off a donkey. He was forever taking advantage of his simple neighbour by involving him in small bets which Som invariably lost.

Som's wife was a shrewd woman and she could see through Sundar's seemingly

innocent little bets. She was for ever cautioning her husband to be on his guard against the tricks of his friend. But Som who was allowed to win a bet or two from time to time by Sundar, thought he could never lose and plunged more recklessly into the numerous gambles. One day the friends gathered as usual in Som's house. Sundar looked around at the assembly with a sly look and addressed Som, "Well, Som, we've had only small bets so far. I propose that we increase the size of the bet today. If you can't answer the question I shall ask you now, you must give away your wealth to me,



and if I can't answer your question, then I'll give away my wealth to you."

Som agreed and Sundar was elated at the thought that at last he was going to be the master of the latter's wealth.

Som said, "All right, what's the question?"

Sundar asked, "What method of ploughing will increase the yield of paddy from the field, digging the ground and sowing the seeds or ploughing the field and scattering the seeds?"

Som was quite puzzled by this question. So he answered, "Digging up the field would be enough." At once Sundar and his friends declared that Som had lost the bet as the answer was incorrect. Then it was Som's turn to ask a question.

He said, "Where does the betel leaf grow, on the tree or on a tendril?"

Sundar deliberately answered, "On the tree!"

Again all his friends declared that Sundar was wrong. So according to the terms of the bet, Som would have to sign away all his wealth to Sundar and the latter would follow suit and part with his property to the former.

Now Som was in a fix and



didn't know what to do. Just then he remembered his wife's warnings and decided to consult her before putting his signature to any document. His wife listened carefully to all that he had to say and flatly declared that he should not put his signature to any transfer documents.

When Som refused to honour his part of the agreement, Sundar became agitated and said, "Look here, you can't welsh on your bets. If you refuse to pay up, then we'll go to the magistrate and place our case before him."

So both went to the magis-



trate. Sundar narrated how the bet arose and how having lost, Som was unwilling to honour his loss. Then Som said, "Your honour. It's true that I lost the bet. But I asked my wife and she advised me not to sign away my property to Sundar."

The magistrate pondered over the problem and then said, "I'll give you my judgement, tomorrow."

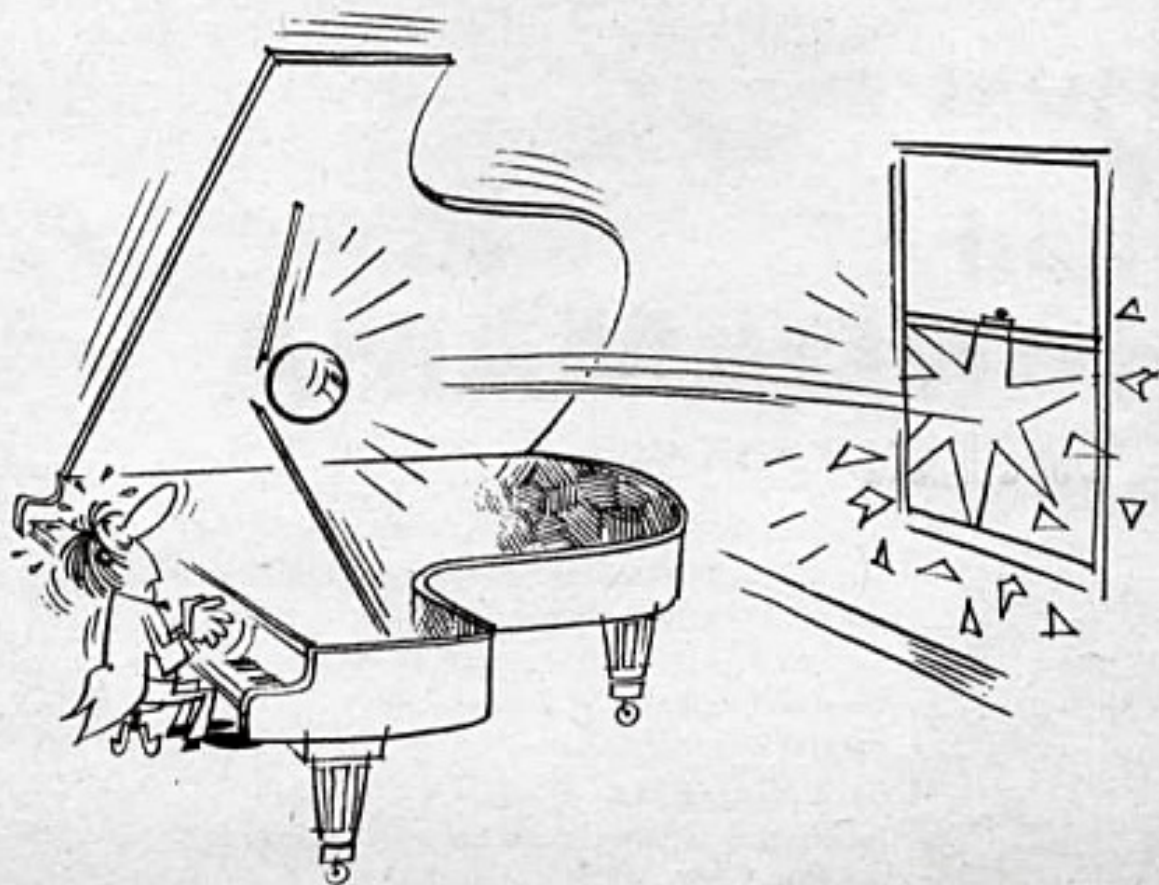
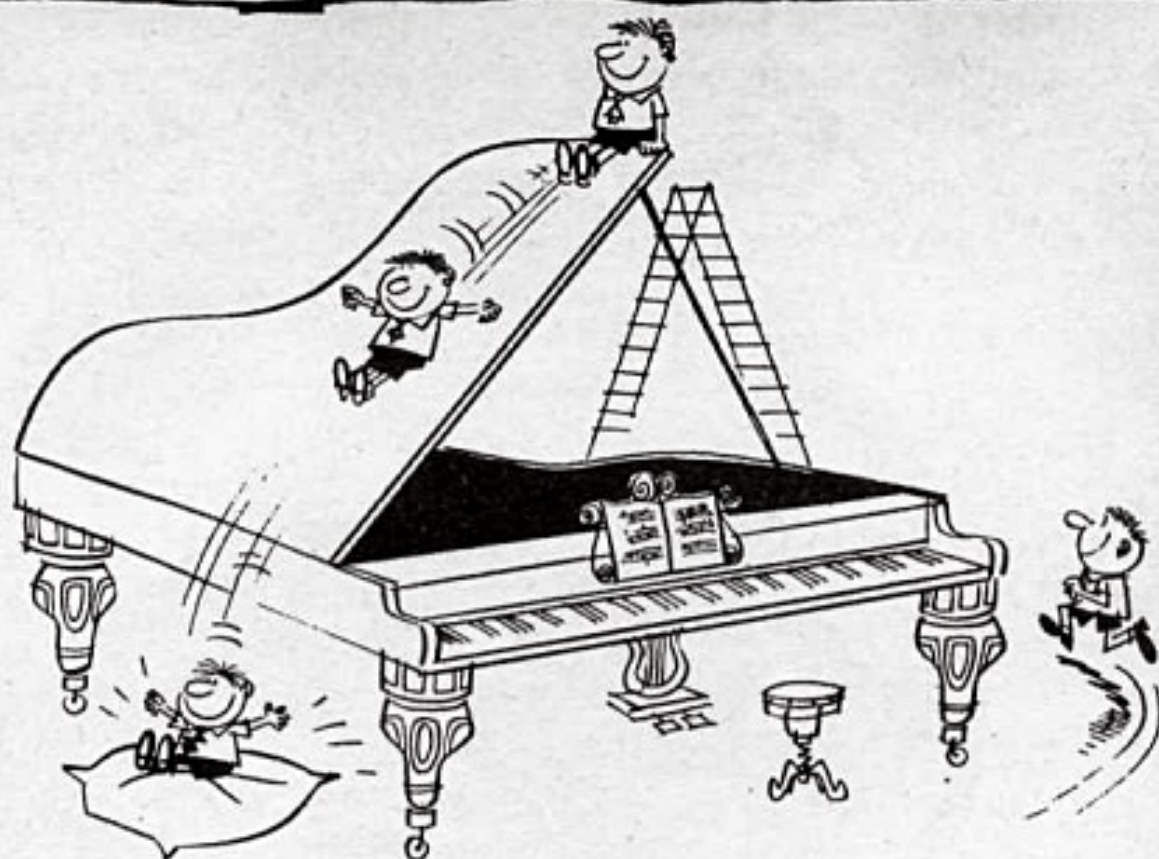
The next day Sundar and Som went to the court to hear the judgement of the magistrate. The magistrate came and addressing Sundar said, "Do you wish to withdraw your complaint or listen to my judgement?" Sundar said he wanted nothing better than to hear the judgement.

So the magistrate said, "Very well, according to the terms of the bet, you asked Som the first question. He lost and gave you his wealth. Again when you were asked a question, you lost. Therefore you had to part with all your wealth to Som, that is, all the wealth you got from him plus your own of which you have some. Thus Som gets all his original property plus your own. You get nothing. This is my judgement".

Sundar was downcast at this judgement. Reaching for higher stakes than his own, he lost even what little he had. That simpleton Som had won over him after all. So he signed away his property to Som and left that city never to return.











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## Learning to look after himself...



One way to avoid a blow is to step back, or sideways. Or, dodge back from the waist.





# Wild Life

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**R** for Roe Deer. This graceful animal is found all over Asia and Europe. It is very shy and at the slightest noise will bound away to safety.